

THE GREYHOUND



LOYOLA
COLLEGE
IN MARYLAND
125 YEARS

Vol. 51, No. 18

"All the news that nobody reads"

April 1, 1978



"Big Brother is Watching" (5th in a series of GREYHOUND posters)

Let this be the fifth in a series of GREYHOUND posters, called "Big Brother is Watching." As you might have guessed, this is our annual April Fool's issue. We hope you enjoy it and share it with your friends. We hope that we haven't offended anyone personally, but if we have—ouch! No—really, if we have, then read all and consider that this issue is offered to anyone, anytime, and come to anyone through some or some otherwise, perhaps, perhaps, perhaps. We'd like to thank

everyone for their support, especially R.T., J.F., D.D., Chris Aland (he made us spell it out, folks), Jeff and Joan for their warm and kind support and for not turning out the lights on Thursday nights, Valley Cab Company, and everyone on the staff who asked and abetted the troop of maniacs known as the Greyhound Editorial Board. Again, we hope you enjoy this as much as we did putting it together. We feel we've owed this to ourselves for a long time. Ah, sweet, sweet, revenge!

.....Notes, Quotes, Jokes, Tokes, Strokes, and News.....

WLCR

There will be a brief meeting of the WLCR radio station staff this Wednesday at 9:30 p.m. in back of the student center. Station manager Jay Guyther will address the staff and give his farewell message. Staff members will be asked to help load into his car speakers, turntables, and anything else Jay can carry out of the radio station, as the station needs all of this equipment new next year anyway.

Forum

The fastest ASLC candidates forum in history was held a few weeks ago, right before elections. The forum took place at night in the downstairs women's locker room, and lasted approximately four minutes. It was advertised.

Relief

Marie Lewandowski does not give a damn anymore.

Ummm...

Danny McKew would like to throw up.



Arrmm.....

Dollars for Scholars

Loyola's Biology Honor Society, Tri Beta, will hold a fund raiser in the biology lab this week. Called "Dollars for Scholars," the fund raiser consists of a guessing contest. For a dime, you can guess how many tadpoles Dr. Graham can stuff in his briefcase. Three tries for a quarter. Dead ones don't count. All monies will go into Rick Cullota's wallet and then to ASLC coffers.

Hi There

Dr. Thomas Scheye, chairman of the English and fine arts department, would like to announce that he hasn't been promoted anywhere recently. Dr. Scheye recently appeared at a GREYHOUND party and said hello.

Rugby

All interested players for the rugby team are asked to please meet on the practice field. Please have your shots certified and flea collars. Enema bags and oyster knives will be issued at this time. Thug you.

C.O.N.D.O.M.

Nothing about Notre Dame College; sorry girls.

Sco

Stephen Rosasco, recently-ousted junior class president, will deliver a lecture here on Friday concerning his harrowing experiences in ASLC government. Mr. Rosasco's book, *Winds of Greatness*, will be available this week on campus. Mr. Rosasco's lecture tour will take him across country, where he will address junior class presidents nationwide on such topics as "Delegating Authority to Nincompoops," and "How I Showed Them All And Thought Up The Rogues." Everyone except former junior class reps are invited to attend.



Duh-uh.

Egghead

Mr. Chris Aland would like to announce that he has a 3.9 average and is in three medical schools, although they don't yet know that he has decided to become a Jesuit and devote his life to propagating his own kind.

Rat

Ned Love, manager of the Rathskeller, would like to announce a new Rat special: every Wednesday night is Bedlam Night in the Rat! The big TV, the juke box, the video games, WLCR, and all the barmaids will be turned on at once. Everyone who talks outrageously loud will get a free beer. The barkeeps will wear pitchers on their heads and imitate Diver Dan. The cigarette machine will be unplugged and the bathrooms will be washed down with stale beer. Come one, come all, come on all you comers! Wednesday night, at the Rat!

Psycho

Students in the psychology department, after their highly successful coup over the issue of the hypnotist Kolisch, have decided to tackle their professors on the same grounds. Charges have been brought before the College Council by the students against all psychology professors on the grounds that their lectures make the students do embarrassing things and perform tasks that they would not normally perform, such as writing papers, attending class, and protesting ASLC-sponsored events.

Library

The Loyola-Notre Dame Library would like to announce that it is the only library around and that if students don't like its policies and the personalities of its staff members, then tough.

Opera

The 125th Anniversary Committee would like to remind everyone in the community of one of the highlights of the outrageously overdone and extravagant anniversary year will be the mock opera "Dear Isabella, Dear Ignatius." Although no one from Loyola stars in this unique and wonderful dramatic event, everyone is invited to attend and see your money talk before your very eyes. Thank you.

Degrees

A new degree-by-mail program has been announced by the mail order division of the college development program. The program's director, Carl Faust, said the only requirement is the student's promise to hand over his soul at the time of his retirement, or donate his first one million dollars to the development fund, whichever comes first. A variety of degrees are available. Get yours today.

Archivist

Dr. Varga, Loyola College's historian, has announced that he has a terrible case of amnesia resulting from a blow on the head and that he can't remember where he put the stuff to go in the time capsule about whatever. Thank you.

Knucklehead

Mr. Chris Kaltenbach would like to announce that he has straightened out The GREYHOUND for cutting his articles, the bastards.

Randy

Randy Ward would like to announce to those schmucks on The GREYHOUND that he still quits and wouldn't come back if you paid him, or even let him rifle through the darkroom supplies again.

Notice

Greg Cannizzaro, director of operations at Central Dupe, asks that all work be handed in at least three days in advance of the date needed. It takes three tries for his help to copy anything. Thank you.

Capsule

Mrs. Margery Harriss has finally run out of jobs in the Loyola community. She has been in charge of the 125th anniversary celebrations for the past year. Plans are being made to put Mrs. Harriss in the time capsule to be buried on Maryland Day. We wish Mrs. Harriss the best of luck in her latest position and hope to see her in about 125 years.



Hi!

Mary

Mary Keenan, recently-elected junior class president, will speak this Friday on the topic "Why Not the Best?" Everyone but Stephen Rosasco is invited.



Weeee!

Revenge

The systems analysis class is now taking suggestions as to what to do with the bloody remains of Paul Melanson once they get through ritualistically executing him. The analysis class spent months analyzing space allocations on campus, only to have this work pooh-poohed by Mr. Melanson recently. He will not be allowed any last words to his family, either.

Gesture

The Computer Club would like to wave a finger at the Lewandowski: ASLC administration for cutting their budget back.



"Krazy" Kenny Anderson gives his impression of Jim Parks, taking gas over MacSherry's first week in office.



Not cover material

Dedication

Fr. Sellinger would like to announce that the dedication of the science center, like the original ground-breaking, will be a private affair, held in semi-secrecy, in order that the school avoid any embarrassing confrontations with irate neighbors, faculty, and students. Invited will be a small contingent of well-to-do alumni and friends, who have all donated money to have labs and bunsen burners named after them. Edward Donnelly, who paid a half-million dollars to have the science center named after himself will also be on hand to take a few bows. No one is invited to attend, unless you have bucks, then see Fr. Joe. Thank you.



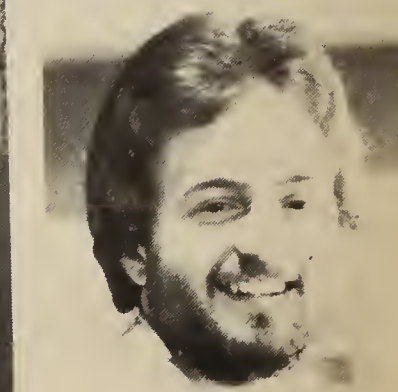
Burka-burka-burka.....

Airheads

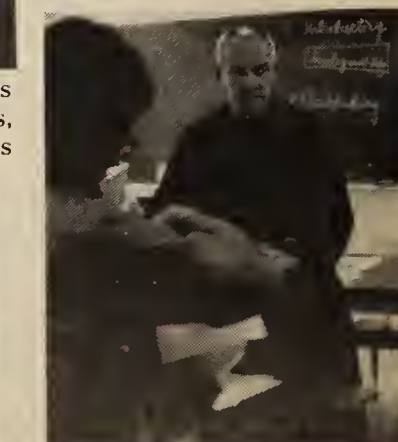
The Committee on Day Division Studies would like to announce that it has crapped out on the issue of 5-1-5 vs. 4-1-4. No decision is pending.



Crack GREYHOUND reporter Kathy Leahy shrugging it all off.



Billy Joel



Fr. Donahoe, giving an "A" to a basketball player.

ALAND SPEAKS

by Chris "Ernie" Aland

Somehow, he looks like an Ernie. Not to say, however, that Chris Aland is in the least shy or retiring. Quite the opposite, actually. Chris Aland's main concern in college life seems to be making sure that his fellow students are properly rowdy and fun-loving. From talking to him, you would hardly know that Chris has almost a 3.9 average, and has been accepted into three medical schools.

Aland shrugs off most of his activities at Loyola. He's been an R.A., played Varsity Lacrosse for two years, did a gig as Sports Editor on the GREYHOUND, holds the rank of Major in ROTC, and was Captain of the Crabs. But he considers these things his way of relaxing, something he has a high regard for.

Now one would expect someone with a 3.9, who is definitely on his way to an M.D., to talk about his career, or his studies, or at least leave some immortal message on the benefits of living in at the library. Not so Aland. Instead, he spent well over an hour talking about just the opposite.

"College life is meeting people...(it's) an experience, a time of complete freedom...the



The Earn-man

key is just relaxing." Chris Aland stands one-hundred per-

cents behind the idea of a liberal

arts education. And according to him, education doesn't end with the classrooms. "Activities are the greatest thing a person can get into," he says. Aland considers college a testing ground. "Here, you can make a mistake...and still wipe the slate clean."

Has life at Loyola changed since he's been here, does

Loyola measure up as a testing ground? Not to the extent that it once did, according to Aland. "I appreciate what Loyola's doing for me...and I enjoyed my four

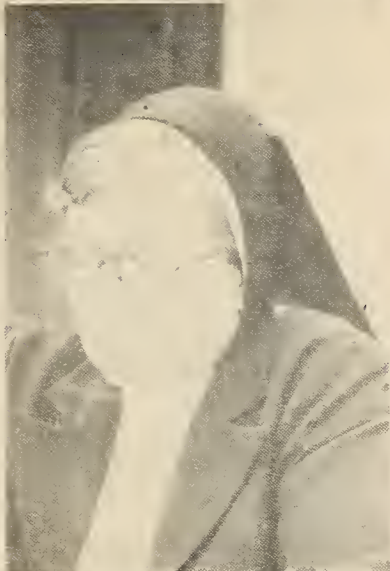
years here, but I don't think I'd come back. I appreciate the academic education, because I've worked for it...but it distresses me to see so many people working so hard, and being almost like hermits. Loyola has become too highly academically oriented...and much of the personal rapport goes with the technicals."

Chris just can't seem to emphasize sufficiently the importance of social life on campus, and the benefits of living on campus. "I've worked hard, but I play hard...(college) is a time when you have no real responsibilities, but are learning to be responsible...a time of learning how to function socially. There are times when you have to question, and college is a time of questioning. If you are at home, you're still under your parents rule. The only person you face at school is yourself in the mirror in the morning. You are responsible to yourself."

Aggressive? Mildly. Assertive? Definitely. But Chris Aland is a likeable, easygoing guy who cares a great deal about the quality of complete education at Loyola. "...Loyola has taught me to measure in feet instead of inches."

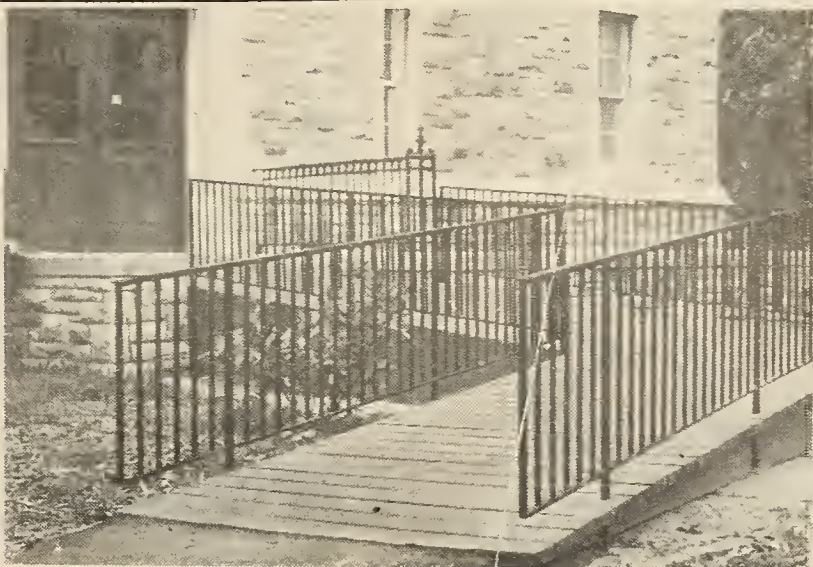


Would you let this woman examine you? With a cold stethoscope? We would.



Sr. Ian Stewart, asleep on the job.

This page insured by Lloyd's of London.



Loyola's part in helping the handicapped: a maze.



Fr. Daniel Degnan, reading a letter upside-down.



Kelly, feeding a student.

editorials

State of college: peachy

It's that time of the year again, for the GREYHOUND to heap gobs of praise indiscriminately on students and administrators alike. Let's hear it for our fine student leaders this year, who have done their damndest to make no waves. You've succeeded, guys. You've also made no teacher evaluations, no profits on rock concerts, no early student directories, and generally speaking no difference at all. Let's hear three cheers also for our noble administrators, who have made several positive strides this year. You've given Loyola a classier name by raising the cost of its education, made the campus neater by cutting down trees, and made Loyola students a little safer by increasing the security budget to a figure half of what it should be. If everyone in the Loyola community continues his meritorious service, there will simply be no more material for editorials.

Write a fight song runners-up

Recently The GREYHOUND printed a request for new school song ideas. Herewith, a few early articles:

SEND CASH*

*To the tune of "Help!"
Help! we need some money
Help! lots and lots of money
Help! ya know we need some dough
Help!
When we were smaller
Not much smaller than to-day
Never needed anybody's money anyway
But now those days are gone
Our debts are unsecured
Now our stash is out of cash
Boy, we need some more!
Help us with a check before we close
Help relieve our financial woes
Help us out before the last kid goes
Won't you please, please, send cash,
Send Cash, Send Ca-sh,
oooooooo!

AT GOOD OLD L.C.*

*To the tune of
"Blowin' in the Wind"
How many halls must a man
walk down

Before he can talk to the dean
How many folks does he have to see
Before he breaks down and screams
How many miles does he have to drive
Before he finds space to park
How many graduate degrees must he have
Before he can read Malcolm Clark
The answer, my friend, is at gold old L.C.
The answer is at good old L.C.

Win a case of beer!

You Can Take It—A Test to See if You're Liberally Educated*

Choose the best answer for each of the following. Submit your entries to the GREYHOUND office by April 6, 1978. The entry having all answers correct will win a case of Weidemann's beer. In case of a tie, the GREYHOUND business manager will flip a coin.

- Evergreen is:
A. A secret training base for the CIA
B. Site of the new state prison
C. The name of Loyola's campus before being changed to "Everconcrete"
D. A hit song by Paul Williams and Barbara Streisand
E. The common name for green dye #3
- "My Kingdom for a ——"
A. Pinã Colada
B. Carol Gesser
C. Horse
D. Four-0
E. New Athletic center
- "I am looking for an honest man"
A. Diogenes
B. Diogenes' dog
C. Richard Nixon
D. Idi Amin
E. Mary Joy Shields
- "The reports of my death are exaggerated."
A. Socrates
B. Kelly
C. Mark Twain
D. Ulysses S. Grant
E. Paul McCartney
- "Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven"
A. Mayor Schaefer
B. John Milton
C. Marie Lewandowski
D. Joe Sellinger
E. Jimmy Carter

letters

Misnomer

To the editors:

My name is Robert Waite. It has always been Robert. Not Ralph. Not Roger. Robert. Thank you.

R. Waite

Misspelled

To the editors:

My name is Prentice Browne. P-R-E-N-T-I-C-E B-R-O-W-N-E. Please keep this in mind when writing desultory articles about my role in creating the big mess at the corner of Charles and Cold Spring. Thank you.

Prentiss Brown

Mischief

To Chip Burke:

My name is Carol Gesser. Not Gessar. Not anything else either. Thanks.

Carol Gesser

Miss, period

To Fran Minakowski:

My name is not "Dear Sir." Thanks a million.

ditto

Misanthrope

To the editors:

I am not a parliamentarian. I am a poli-sci major. I would have to be able to read to be a parliamentarian.

Dennis King

Misbegotten

To the editors:

I am Jewish. I was a poli-sci major. Look where it got me.

Joseph Krome

Miscreant

To the editors:

I am a very important person on campus and I would like to express my discontent about certain practices which the features department uses. You see I am a very important person on campus and I don't like the way the features department cuts my articles to fit the page. You know I'm a very important person on campus and I don't care that the

features department has to cut a sentence or two out of my article to make it fit on the page. You see I am a very important person on campus and I don't even notice that the staff snickers behind my back when I come to the office and just don't let it happen again. I'm a very important person and a good writer to boot.

Really I am,
Chris Kaltenbach

Misfit

To the editors:

What can you say about a man who practices law all day and runs around in underwear all afternoon? Not much.

G. Darrell Russell

Missing persons

To the editors:

Where the hell was everybody? I took a day off from work to come over and talk and nobody showed up! Gee was I mad. How many people read your paper?

Stephen Sachs
Candidate, attorney general

You can take it—a test of liberal education

- F=ma means:
A. Large cars get lousy mileage
B. QED
C. Newton's father was large, but his mother was larger, when you consider how much his father got pushed around
D. The force exerted on an object is equal to the mass of the object times its acceleration
E. None of the above
- "QED" means:
A. Quatro edimine dominus
B. If you can't stand the heat, get out of the Kitchen
C. Quad erat demonstrandum
D. Enough already
E. "I'm finished, can I go home now?"
- "——is the measure of all things"
A. Sir Kenneth Clark
B. Frank McGuire
C. Protagoras
D. Man
E. Tom Scheye
- How to Win Friends and Influence People:
A. Joe Stalin
B. Joe Sellinger
C. Adolf Hitler
D. Dale Carnegie
E. Richard Nixon
- "A Rose by any other name."
A. Would still have thorns
B. And still be so damned tasty
C. Would smell as sweet
D. Who could dance so well
E. Could still have tapped her way into the hearts of millions
- The Lorenz Curve is:
A. A patented way of throwing a baseball high and outside
B. A drink made with rum, tequila, and scotch, with a twist of lime
C. A graphic representation of the extent of income inequality in a country
D. The third turn at Indianapolis
E. A dance that went out with the twist
- "It bothers me not that you'll come to call,
For it's the blasted dog that did it all."
A. Richard Nixon
B. Joe Sellinger
C. Timmy, Lassie's owner
D. William Shakespeare
E. Xaviera Hollander
- "Never give a sucker an even break."
A. W.C. Fields
B. Edward Francis Albee
C. The I.R.S.
D. Dean Ruff
E. William Kitchin
- "——rush in where angels fear to tread."
A. Freshmen
B. Soccer players
C. Economics majors
D. Fools
E. Administrators
- $a^2+b^2=c^2$ is the formula that signifies:
A. How many joints one must smoke before one starts thinking he's a bald eagle
B. How many shots of Jack Daniels one can have before he starts calling everyone "buddy"
C. The sum of the squares of the sides of a right triangle are equal to the square of the hypotenuse
D. How many pipes will be present at a meeting of the English department
E. The cost/benefit ratio of printing an April Fool's issue of the Greyhound.
- Autonomous demand times multiplier equals:
A. The ASLC annual budget
B. The price of a ticket to the President's Ball
C. The fine for parking in a "no parking" zone
D. Equilibrium GNP
E. The cost of publishing the Greyhound
- "There is nothing so ridiculous, but some philosopher said it."
A. Frank Cunningham
B. Malcolm Clark
C. Cicero
D. Dean McGuire
E. George Mackiw
- $E=mc^2$
A. Massive is the fellow who moves swiftly
B. Not even light travels faster than itself
C. Einstein's theory of relativity
D. The shortest distance between two points may not be a straight line, but instead, one could drive oneself, take a cab, or better yet, get a friend to drive you, you lazy, no-good slob
E. An equation showing indubitably that the unexamined life is not worth living
- The Adam Smith Economic Society is named after:
A. Your mother
B. Jeff McCormack
C. Adam Smith
D. Adam Society
E. Johnny Walker
- "I have hardly ever known a mathematician who was capable of reasoning."
A. Dr. Hennessey
B. Fr. Haig
C. Fr. Kunkel
D. Plato
E. Dr. McCoart

*Not to be confused with Playboy's "A Test to See If You're Sexually Liberated"



Ugly Rudy says: everybody
book on down to Maryland
Day, wildly.

(Ugly Rudy by Rosasco;
DRB on vacation)

staff

Yes, we do have one.

Roustabugger



by Gordon

Spring cleaning

im sorry but youre just going to have to pardon me just this once while i get some of this stuff inside my head out of there/of course a lot of it wont make much sense and some of it will make sense but wont seem too important and then some of it will actually be important but will be couched in a whole lot of feathered epaulets which is to say perhaps meaningless and certainly useless aphorisms/ever look inside a vacuum cleaner bag after its been all over the house and is so damn full it looks like a pregnant seal and is ready to burst and spew all stuff back all over the place/you know the kind that when you open them up the last five years of your life comes back to haunt or beguile you/used theater stubs the rubber band that held a stack of christmas cards together a blue button from a blazer that you havent seen since you were in high school pieces of paper and perhaps shreds of wrappings from gifts given at birthdays and weddings and christmas and showers and maybe some dirt tracked into the house from a graveyard or someplace morbid as hell/theres always money pennies nickels and quarters/where are all the dimes/you never see any stray dimes/why i wonder is that/but the vacuum cleaner bag does not lie/no sir/there are even some hairs in there from relatives and friends who dye their hair and by god those hairs are as truthful as boy scouts/there are many other things in there that we wont think about right now except to say that they are musty and old and gross/how much like a mind is that simple paper bag that sits dark and silent from day to day in the closet tucked neatly inside that machine which wails on saturday mornings or before company but otherwise never says anything to anybody about what it has sucked and sniffed from the lowest recesses of private lives/oh to be a vacuum cleaner repairman/by the way there will be a nuclear attack in this column and there will be a near murder so stay with it/here is a brief and incomplete list of things i have learned in life/one/salt makes water boil faster which shoots holes in that old old saying that a watched pot never boils/i have seen water boil before my very eyes/it takes a while but by god the damn thing boiled/two/if some of the lights in your car dont work try driving over a really bad bump in the road/this sometimes jars the bulb into working order again/it also might throw your front end out of alignment but then whats more important dash lights or ball joints/three/before washing tennis shoes take the laces out of them and put them in a cup of dilute bleach solution/if you leave them in the shoes and wash the whole kit and kaboodle those little metal tips on the ends of the shoelaces will rust and make red and brown stains on the canvas/four/finding the dirty parts in a long novel is a snap if you use this simple trick/flip through the

book and look for sections that have long paragraphs/invariably modern american novelists use long paragraphs to write dirty parts/search me why they do it/i guess that short paragraphs would slow down the crucial timing and break up the pace of the dirty parts but this is a sure fire technique/no more spending time reading the whole book for you now and here we go right now with a mystery story

The gun fired. It did not kill anyone. We can not tell who fired the gun from here.

Yes we do, we know certainly.

The gun was fired by a twenty-four-year-old law student. The gun was fired at a cocktail party. The young man wasn't there trying to impress anyone. The man was in a very unstable mood. He had been drinking, as had everyone else at the party. It is something people do, like talking, screwing, or praying, Shooting the gun, though, came as a surprise. The surprise, of course, was neither planned nor expected by anyone.

Now we know why he fired the gun.

No, we only know how it happened. We don't know why. We shall never know why the young man fired off the gun at the cocktail party at the yacht club, getting powder burns all over his dinner jacket.

The law student's career in politics, incidentally, was ruined by the act, Q.E.D. No one wanted to vote for someone who in his young manhood had scared a roomful of elegantly dressed people half to death. Who knew? Suppose he became president and got into the habit of shooting off guns in the war room or at press conferences.

It doesn't matter. The student would have been a bum lawyer anyway. He wasn't much of a student, either, if it must be told. It doesn't, but we will tell it, since we are about the project of understanding how the gun came to be fired.

A moment's digression on ballistics, the nature of chance occurrences, and the bullet's harmless discharge: the bullet, resting harmlessly in its chamber with its rear end planted in a capsule of magically explosive powder, didn't ask questions when it was fired. It performed flawlessly, driving headlong into a panelled wall and into some insulation behind the wall. It was hot and a little smaller when it stopped. The bullet, in flight, said hzzzzpp! to people's ears who were standing around the young man. To one man, the bullet said hhhhhuuuuuuzzzzziipppp!! because it came so close to his ear that the air around the bullet was torn like cardboard. One woman, across the room from the smouldering gun barrel began laughing. Hers was the typically human reaction and displaced her shock moments before everyone else's abated.

Her laughter was an instinctual kind of language that human beings speak without words in traumatic situations. Her laughter said, "My lord am I glad that gun didn't kill anyone," and on a deeper level, "Thank God that gun didn't kill me."

The cocktail party was actually an after-six beach party, indoors, of course, owing to the rain along the coast.

At the moment the bullet left the gun, one man was saying to a woman across the room about a famous painting they had been discussing, "It it extant?" "What?" she asked. "Does it still exist?" he repeated, with some surprise in his voice. Yet another man was saying, "I don't know what I did to that damn thing when I accidentally smacked that tree, but I think I moved the sweetspot on the head of it towards the foot just so very little. Never hit another damn thing all day."

The young man who fired the gun was immediately put upon to leave the party and go with

two other men upstairs. One of the men was his father, the other his uncle. His uncle's firm grasp on his arm reminded him of the time he fell down in a faint at a wedding of one of his cousins, and cut his head, and his uncle had taken him to the hospital to get stitched up. The hand imparted some reassuring energy then, he thought, and did now. His father was silent, grim. Although he had won the sailing race that day, he was not at all happy now.

The party continued.

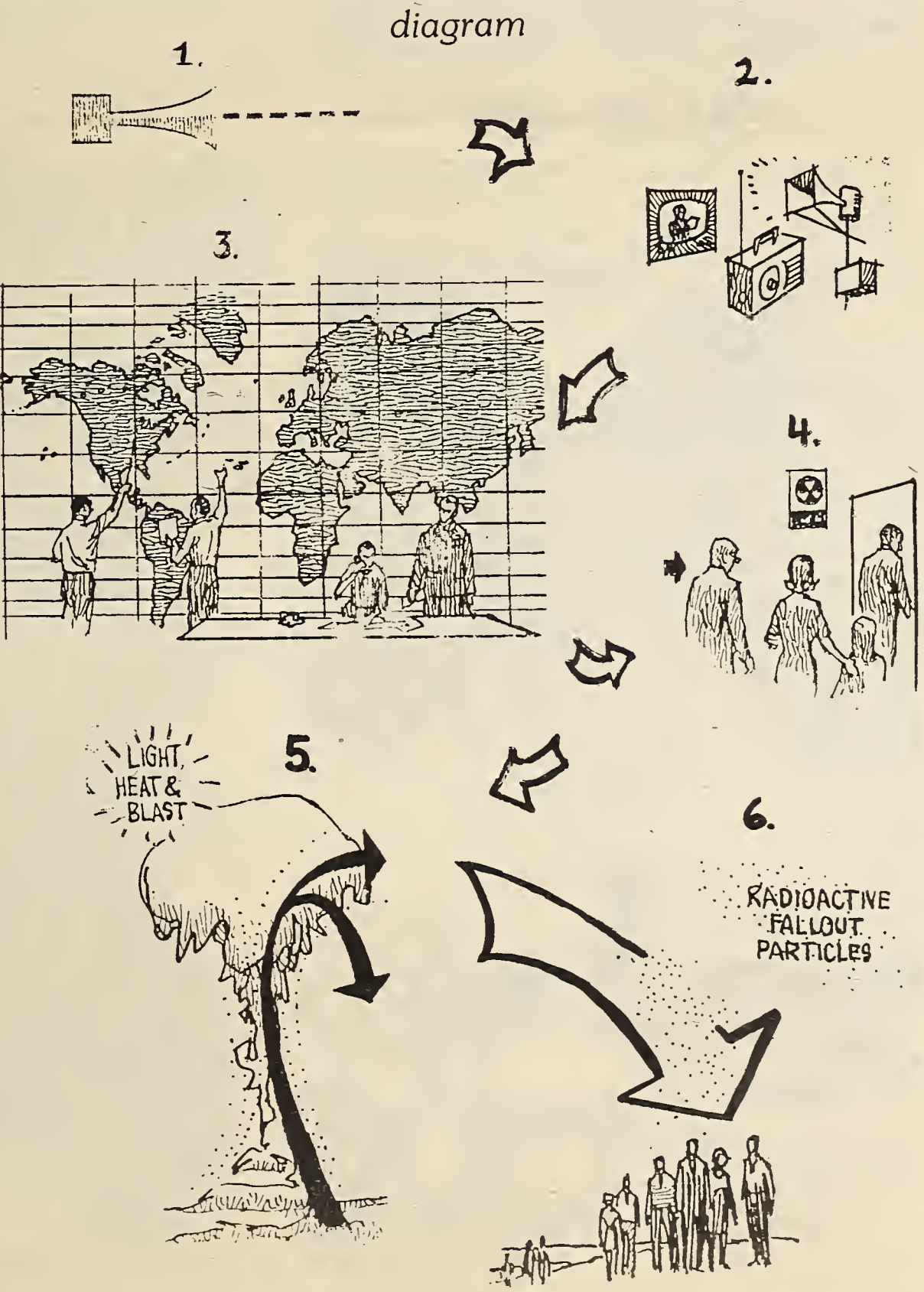
its all lies, of course, even the thing about the man not having a very good golf score because he hit his driver against a tree in anger over missing a putt/just like the story his fiction is a harmless kind of lie he tells himself and others/what can you expect in a world in which the sky never stops moving and the spring ends/dont ask me i dont know the answer to that one/now its time for the nuclear attack here goes [wwwwwwwww](#)

(see diagram)

WWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
WWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW
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OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
PLEASE TURN TO YOUR
CIVIL DEFENSE NETWORK
STATION-----
PLEASE TURN TO YOUR
CIVIL DEFENSE NETWORK
STATION-----
PLEASE TURN TO YOUR
CIVIL-----
TURN TO YOUR-----
YOUR-----

and like a 1950s science fiction movie about the horrible consequences of nuclear hellfire, i will end with an affirmative look to the skies and a big grey fade-in:

The Beginning?



Merger formalized in informal ceremony between English, Fine Arts

by Sperry Rand

Action took place today in the merger of the English department with the Fine Arts department in back of Millbrook House. A representative of each department met briefly to exchange friendly pledges of admiration and gestures of camaraderie. The two students, a young man from the English department, and the Fine Arts representative, a young lady, both were happy and satisfied with the merger, which they

said went extremely smoothly and without interruptions. The merger marks the first time in Loyola's history that two majors have been successfully joined in the back of Millbrook House in the bushes near the pond. Both parties to the merger stated to The GREYHOUND that they hoped their union would lead to "greater understanding and contact among all English and Fine Arts majors."

Officials in the administration as well as in both departments have expressed concern that the

larger English department might overpower the smaller Fine Arts department, but the two students emphatically denied that this was true.

"He was wonderful," the Fine Arts rep stated. "At first, I know, like everyone else, I thought we'd have trouble fitting together, but it was a great move, and I think he was

really up on his Chaucer for this one."

"She proved herself well," the English department rep said, "the whole thing was great. I expected that there would be trouble, it being her first time and everything, but we had very little problem actually getting it together."

While English department

teachers who would comment expressed happiness at the news of the union, one Fine Arts instructor expressed his colleague's disdain for the idea by saying, "This is just another instance of us taking this thing lying down. I think we should straighten up and get on the ball. We're always getting it where it hurts."



Above, the former ASLC Executive Committee (minus Jim Parks, who asked to be paid to appear) poses for their portrait shot at inauguration. Larry Finnegan is the one with the beard.

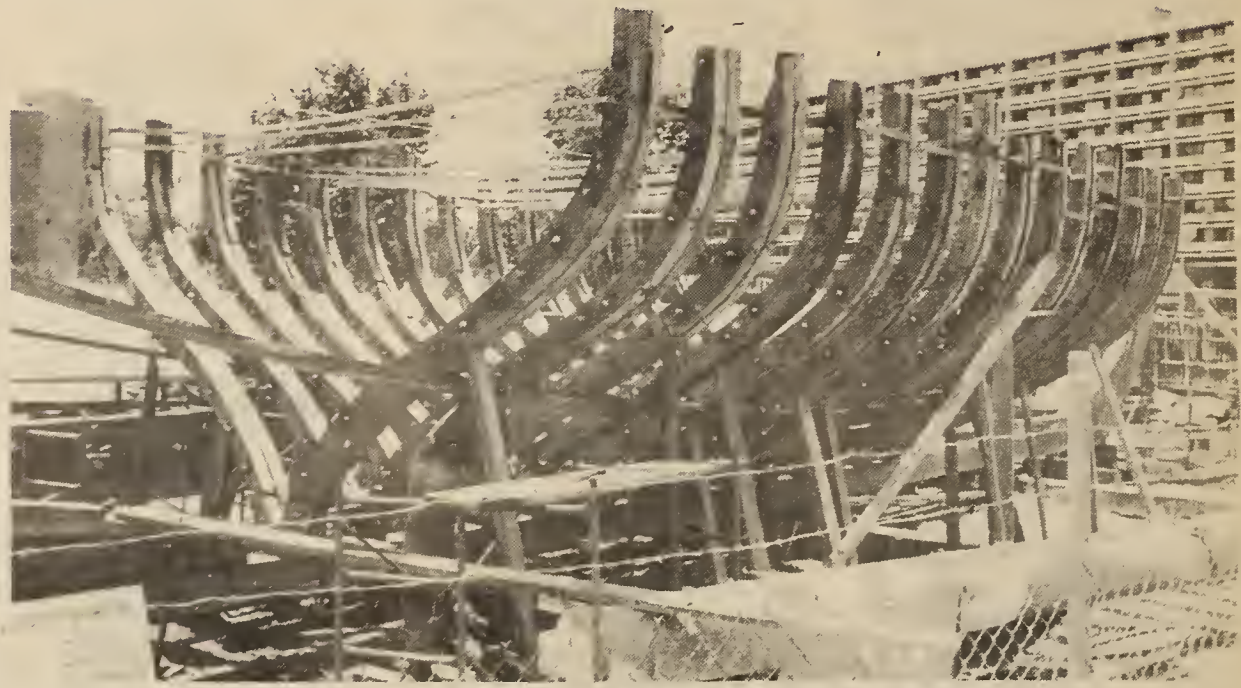
SOME TIME LATER

Below, the ASLC Executive Committee on the day they left office. Parks appears sideways, at bottom. Finnegan shaved, and is wearing the striped nose.

Did someone say something about furthering student interests?



Harry Chapin entertaining hundreds of non-Loyola students in the Loyola College gymnasium.



A shot of Loyola's science center, nearing completion. Note the aerodynamic genius of Prentiss Brown apparent in the skeletal framework.



Everything's alright, uptight and outa' sight, nobody move.



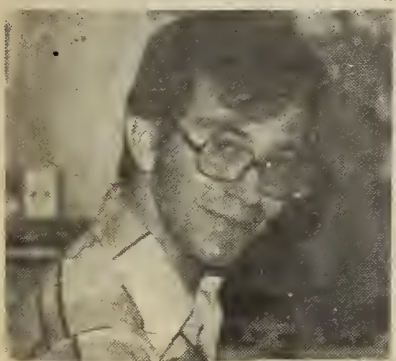
Dr. Hands, pondering chapter 91 of Moby Dick.



Systems analysis class checking facts.



Name: Carol Gesser: "Mom."
Position: Upright
Last book read: *You Are Your Own Best Friend*.
Favorite drink: The milk of human kindness.
Famous quote: "Come on guys, it's Lent."
Hero: Dorothy . . . and Toto too.
Hobbies: Changing exacto blades, sizing photos, writing scurrilous editorials, and looking diligent.
Ambition: To be as cool as Rosco, as funny as D.R., as rich as Wayne and as good lookin' as Rod.
Most memorable experience: Last time she had a good night's sleep.



Name: Wayne Stoler: "Wayne-man"; "Wild-man."
Position: Upside-down.
Last book read: *The Art of Kissing*, 1940 edition.
Favorite drink: Wite-Out fluid.
Famous quote: "I'm sorry"; "Anybody going out for food?"
Hero: Mike Begley, Bob Williams.
Hobbies: Collecting typewriters; buying and selling typewriters; using typewriters; trying it different ways with typewriters; typing papers for unsuspecting English majors.
Most memorable experience: His first Olympia; chasing the cop on Cold Spring on the way back from Jerry's; Gloria Kendall.



Name: Don Delauter: "Lord Delauter."
Position: Quitter.
Last book read: Pumping Iron
Favorite drink: Vodka martini on the rocks with a twist.
Famous quote: "You screw worm"; "Where's my copy-wench?"
Hero: James J. Kilpatrick.
Hobbies: Infuriating Chambord waiters with classy orders; untipping same.
Ambition: To not be a virgin; to get a legitimate job with any paper other than the News American.
Most memorable experience: Leaving the GREYHOUND; working in Campus Ministries.

The GREYHOUND staff profiles 1977-78

OR,
The Not-Ready-For-NATIONAL ENQUIRER Writers



Name: Lou Sandler: "Lou man."
Position: Second fiddle.
Last book read: Paramedics Weekly.
Favorite drink: Anything with a head on it.
Favorite quote: "Whatzamatter with it? It's a good column . . ." "She likes me."
Hero: D.R.; anybody on **Emergency One**; Fran Minakowski.
Hobbies: Volunteer fireman; gasoline jockey; making friends.
Ambition: To graduate from Loyola after eight years of undergraduate work.
Most memorable experience: The **GREYHOUND** Christmas Party (if he could remember it).



Name: Dr. Thomas Scheye: "Doc"; "Little T"; "Scheyeman."
Position: Overpaid; figurehead.
Last book read: His own essay on Glass Menagerie.
Famous quote: "And so witty, too!"
Hero: Billy Shakespeare; Bob Williams, anyone having a party on Friday night.
Hobbies: Joking about his students; joking about his students' papers; joking about his course load; taking gas about his salary.
Ambitions: To be as important as Dr. Cunningham, as smart as Chris Aland, as debonair as Rosco, and as witty as D.R. Belz.
Most memorable experience: GREYHOUND Christmas party that he and Paula missed.

Name: David Belz: "D.R."; "Gordon"; "Daddy."
Position: Rebel without a cause.
Last book read: Zen, and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance (for the racy parts).
Favorite drink: The blood of young virgins.
Famous quote: "Come on, cut it out"; "Lay down Sally"; "Well Excuuuuuuuuuuuussssse ME!"
Hero: Marie Lewandowski; the Amazing Hulk.
Hobbies: Bugging Carol; masterminding ways of getting the whole staff fired; living in the fast lane.
Ambition: To learn how to write; to own property in Govans.
Most memorable experience: Riding shotgun in Wayne's car, chasing a police cruiser down Cold Spring Lane doing sixty after being cut off at York Road. Remembers saying, "What are we going to do if we catch him?"



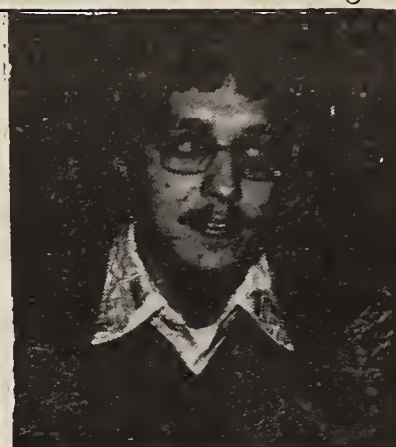
Name: Rod Petrik: "Hot Rod";
"Snake"; "Ted Knight of the
Beach Boys."
Position: Staff stud.
Last book read: *The Godfather*
(pgs. 47-48).
Favorite drink: Gatorade with
grenadine.
Famous quote: "I'm always done
first." "You homo!"
Hero: Quark, the Betties, and
Rosann Rosanadana.
Hobbies: Seeking out new life and
new civilizations; boogie fever.
Ambition: To fill Rosco's shoes;
to have a summer of '42 every
summer.
Most memorable experience:
Silk sheets; Nights in white
satin; letters he's written,
never meaning to send.



Name: Steve Rosasco: "Rosco";
"Scoman"; "Son."
Position: Left-field.
Last book read: Utmann's Cata-
logue to Snowball Machine
Accessories.
Favorite drink: Schlitzinnacan.
Famous quote: Anything—
"Wildly." "Watch my lips."
Hero: Fozzie bear, Walter Beck-
er, Donald Fagen, Kermit the
Frog.
Hobbies: "Booking" anywhere;
shaving; being laid back.
Ambition: To be anything—
"wildly"; to find a thrill on
Blueberry Hill—in quantity.
Most memorable experience:
Watching the Muppets Show
with Steve Martin as guest
host.



Name: Kabbie Birrane: “Little Joe”; “Nympho.”
Position: Missionary, copy-wench.
Last book read: My first 500.
Favorite drink: Nectar of the gods.
Famous quote: “I’m in love”; “I’m really very innocent.”
Hero: John Houska, Chris Aland, Jim Lacy, anyone in jock shorts, the soccer team, the Fortman twins, ROTC rangers, ad nauseum.



Name: Ken Kachnowich: "Photo by" Kachnowich.
Position: Upstairs.
Last book read: Doesn't read, only looks at the pictures.
Favorite drink: Fixer.
Famous quote: "That damned flash . . ."
Hero: Ed Ross; Randy Ward.
Hobbies: Flailing and sailing.
Ambition: To make the cover of National Geographic.
Most memorable experience: First time he entered a dark room.



Name: Jim Deming: "Jimbo";
"Jimmy D."
Position: Absent.
Last book read: Call of the Wild.
Favorite Drink: Nehi.
Famous quote: "I can't come to-
night, I have a headache."
Hero: Marlin Perkins.
Hobbies: Not showing up for
GREYHOUND meetings;
American Legion; 4-H club;
Campfire Girls.
Ambition: To be Grand Knight of
the Knights of Columbus.
Most memorable experience:
Kissing Kabbie in layout room;
being his own GREYHOUND
Kris Kringle.

Hobbies: The pursuit of happiness (i.e. men); leaving features pages two-thirds done at one-thirty on Thursday night; blushing—"wildly."

Ambition: to meet the soccer team, head on.

Most memorable experience: John Houska, Chris Aland, Jim Lacy, anyone in jock shorts, the soccer team, the Fortman twins, ROTC Rangers, ad nauseum.

ABC covers the terrorist follies—a unique competition

by Ted Koppel

I don't know if any of you happened to catch "Anything Goes" last Friday night, but they certainly proved that it does. Competing in last week's contest were the Baader-Meinhof terrorists of West Germany, the South Moluccans of the Netherlands, and the Palestine Liberation Organization, of some or any part of the Mideast. This was a good competition, and a noble idea of ABC's to put these terrorist groups to the test to see who is worthy of the title. When an ABC evening news commentary by Howard K. Smith pointed out that there is absolutely no sport in terrorizing helpless citizens, these groups responded to the challenge.

The Baader-Meinhof gang, relative newcomers to the world of terrorism, have made up for their lack of experience with innovative techniques and daring, and are becoming known for their do-or-die determination. The Moluccans, an experienced group known for their strategic choice of hostages, proved to be an original, if somewhat unorthodox team.

Meat filler, grease rise they do anyway

by Jon Dorsey

Dave Dobransky, SAGA head on campus, announced plans to raise all food prices 15 to 20 percent. It has become increasingly difficult, he noted, "to continue serving the high quality of food that has become a Loyola tradition at the current prices." The cost of meat filler, for instance, has been raised substantially over the last several months. Grease has also become expensive and more money is required to continue injecting french fries with the substance. The chief said that these price hikes will go into effect immediately on his authority. When asked why he had not gone to the administration before instituting the increases he stated that he "didn't feel that the school had ever requested to be informed of price changes." Rather, he has been given the impression that whatever he decides "will be OK" as long as it remains in the best interest of the students.

Dobransky's decision was relayed to the student's protector, Dean Ruff, who showed surprise at the proposed increases. The dean did not that "Dave has always been cooperative in the past" and went on to say that it is imperative to continue the fine quality of food already here at Loyola. Being an academician, Dean Ruff feels that the businessman Dobransky is better qualified to make these decisions than he. Also, it was noted that as all other prices on campus have and are rising, food ought to be no exception. By both Dobransky's and Ruff's conception, the student should be the primary benefactor by way of better food.

However, several students interviewed took exception to the notion. One reported that he wasn't even aware Loyola served food. Another, chewing on an antacid tablet, strolled away mumbling "hold the pickle, hold the lettuce....."

The P.L.O. are the seasoned veterans of the terrorist game, and therefore have the benefit of experience on their side. It was a suspenseful night of terror as forty million Americans watched each of these groups attempt to out-terrorize the others.

The P.L.O. and the Baader-Meinhof groups were northern-bound by bus and train to gang up on the South Moluccans when the Moluccans beat them both to the punch by hijacking their buses and trains. The two groups were taken to prisons in Bovensmilde, in the Netherlands, and told that freedom was theirs if they would confess to their heinous conspiracy, while being told that the other group had already implicated the first. To the imprisoned, this may have seemed like an

impasse, but the fun-loving murderers had more tricks up their sleeves. Members of the P.L.O. complained of some rare stomach disorder and were released, while the Baader-Meinhof gang, not being the ones to grovel, demonstrated their do-or-die determination when half their number committed suicide. The scene grew in intensity, and the Moluccans fled.

Later, the P.L.O. paid a

surprise visit to the Baader-Meinhof terrorists by paddling up the Rhine in a life raft, and setting fire to a bus containing the remaining half of the Baader-Meinhof team.

The only comic relief in the match was when the P.L.O. guerillas dressed up as gorillas and terrorized the entire fourth grade of a primary school in the Dutch Hamlet of De Punt. The Moluccans chanted "Van Agt, we want to win," as they fled

the continent, reportedly to do nasty things to Indonesia. Justice Minister van Agt wished the terrorist competitors better luck in their next heat.

So, the P.L.O. won by default in last Friday's contest, but ABC has it from a reliable source that the competition will go on in the near future, when the Hanafi Muslims will take on

the Japanese Red Army terrorists and the reigning champs, the P.L.O.

Turning Point definitely worth sneak peek

by Gene Shalow, NBC-TV

This is a fine movie, but so we may end on a positive note, let

me speak here first of its excesses. I found the murder scene in the foyer a bit too bloody, but, then again, Peckin-

pah is nothing if not violent. The scene with the shaking bed and pea-soup was a bit much, and reminded this reviewer of the childish excesses we have come to expect from Brian ("Carrie" and "The Fury") d Palma. Al Pacino was excellent as Serpico, and it was too bad he wasn't in this film. Step aside Lucas and Spielberg, the party scene in this movie puts you both to shame, what with your blinking lights, melodrama, and freaky-looking extras. Beware to the squeamish of stomach, for the dog-vomit sequence, although tastefully done, may incense those not fond of regurgitation. The cameo appearance of Stephen McNierney laid to rest the notions of those who thought he could not act, as well as those who thought he had left the planet altogether. The casual references to reincarnation were far too obscure, and this reviewer caught them only with the aid of his seeing-eye-dog, an avid movie-goer and movie critic in his own right. The

costumes were excellent, especially in the bedroom scene, if you like seeing men with women's clothing on, as I do. This movie is well worth the three-fifty one must pay, if any movie is, and if you can sneak in, by all means, you have this reviewer's blessing. Oh, by the way, Anne McClaine and Shirley Bancroft were both excellent, and it is quite obvious to anyone who knows anything that Ms. Bancroft has been taking comedy lessons from Hollywood's premiere funny man himself, her husband, Mel Brooks. Until next time, aufwiedersehen, au revoir, und bye-bye.



Dr. Cunningham, before sabbatical,

and after.

Carter on security: "easy pickin's"

not by Ernie Aland

Greyhound: As we all know, security at Loyola is a complex and confusing situation. There are many questions in people's minds concerning security and how the problems with security can be solved. We'd like to tackle some of those questions right now, Sgt. Carter. First of all, where did you get the title "Sergeant?"

Carter: I was a sergeant in the marine corps.

Greyhound: Really? A full sergeant?

Carter: No, actually I was a part-time sergeant. When the real sergeant was out of the barracks, I would sneak into his room and put on his jacket. Then I'd pretend I was a real sergeant.

Greyhound: So there is no truth to the rumor that you got the nickname because your name is the same as a character in Gomer Pyle, USMC?

Carter: I don't know Gomer Pyle. Is he registered with us?

Greyhound: Sgt. Carter—uh Sarge, in the case of the Central Dupe break-in, it was reported that you arrested the thieves with a drawn gun. Where'd you get it? Do you have a license for it?

Carter: Uh—that's correct, it was a drawn gun. My secretary drew it for me on a piece of

black cardboard. I didn't bother to have it registered.

Greyhound: Does it fire?

Carter: Only rubber bands and paper clips.

Greyhound: Then wouldn't you feel outgunned if you ever encountered a real live bandit with a real live gun? What would you do?

Carter: Ah—call for support, get some of my men over there real fast.

Greyhound: Sarge, can you tell us why you wear two-hundred-dollar suits and drive a late model car if the security budget is so tight?

Carter: I'm thrifty.

Greyhound: Does this have anything to do with the fact that you only take cash for ticket fines and don't give receipts?

Carter: No, you see, I try to cut down on paperwork, so I don't give receipts for cash fine payments. The reason why I always demand cash is that it's easier to carry around than a lot of checks with other people's names on them. I can use cash anywhere.

Greyhound: Is it true you ordered the Greyhound break-in?

Carter: Ahh—no, the Greyhounds are my friends. They give me lots of good press.

Greyhound: Sarge, truthfully,

do you really need to issue \$14.95 flashlights to your foot patrolmen?

Carter: It gets powerful dark around here sometimes.

Greyhound: Thanks for your trouble, Sarge.

Carter: Trouble's my middle name. Say, you seen our boot yet?



125th birthday cake (also doubles as athletic center model, any old port in a storm)